

No. CXIII

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

IRELAND AS IT IS.

A DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS

BY

J. H. AMHERST

With Cast of Characters, Stage Business, Costumes, Relative Positions, etc. etc.

AS PERFORMED AT THE N. Y. AND BOSTON THEATRES.

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FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CXIII.

IRELAND AS IT IS

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

BY

J. A. AMHERST.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE NEW YORK AND BOSTON THEATRES.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Broadway Theatre, N. Y.</i>	<i>National, N. Y.</i>	<i>New Theatre, Boston.</i>
<i>Kegged Pat (An Irish Boy)</i>	-	Mr. Barney Williams.	Mr. Barney Williams.
<i>Dan O'Carolan (An aged Irishman)</i>	-	Mr. F. Conway.	Mr. John Gilbert.
<i>Neil O'Carolan (His Son)</i>	-	Mr. C. Pope.	Mr. Stoddart.
<i>Conor O'Flaherty (Son of Judy)</i>	-	Mr. Grosvenor.	Mr. Cowel.
<i>Mons. Voyage (Lord Squander)</i>	-	Mr. Sandford.	Mr. Donaldson.
<i>Slang (A Cockney)</i>	-	Mr. C. Hale.	Mr. Fisk.
<i>Gassoon</i>	-	Mr. Vincent.	Mr. G. Johnson.
<i>Magistrate</i>	-	Mr. Walters.	Mr. Forrester.
<i>Stone (A Middleman)</i>	-	Mr. McGowan.	Mr. T. E. Morris.
<i>Soldiers, Peasants, &c.</i>			
<i>Judy O'Trot</i>	-	Mrs. Barney Williams.	Mrs. Barney Williams.
<i>Moor</i>	-	Mrs. F. Conway.	Miss A. Biddle.
<i>Flora</i>	-	Miss Lewis.	Miss C. Biddle.

C o s t u m e

RAGGED PAT.—An old frieze-coat, patched and in rags—old patched corduroy breeches—hat, with crown hanging out. (*See Picture.*)

DAN O'CAROLAN.—Frieze-coat—corduroy breeches—red vest—a farmer's hat. *Second Dress:* A large frieze over-coat.

NEIL O'CAROLAN.—A frieze-coat—brown cloth breeches and gaiters.

CONOR.—*Ibid.*

GASSOON.—*Ibid.*

MONS. VOYAGE.—A fashionable, modern travelling-suit, with large whiskers for disguise.

STONE.—Black coat and vest—breeches—Hessian boots—hat.

MAGISTRATE.—Black old man's suit.

JUDY O'TROT.—A quilted petticoat and short gown—large bonnet and cap.

<p>HONOR & FLORENCE.</p>	}	—Neat, plain, modern peasants' dresses.
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S T A G E D I R E C T I O N S .

E X I T S A N D E N T R A N C E S .

I. means *First Entrance, Left.* **R.** *First Entrance, Right.* **S. E.** *Second Entrance, Left.* **S. E. R.** *Second Entrance, Right.* **U. E. L.** *Upper Entrance, Left.* **U. E. R.** *Upper Entrance, Right.* **C.** *Centre.* **L.** *Left of Centre.* **R. C.** *Right of Centre.* **T. E. L.** *Third Entrance, Left.* **T. E. R.** *Third Entrance, Right.* **C. D.** *Centre Door.* **D. R.** *Door Right.* **D. L.** *Door Left.* **U. D. L.** *Upper Door, Left.* **U. D. R.** *Upper Door, Right.*

. The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience

P R E F A C E

THIS most successful drama is the sole property of Barney Williams, Esq., and to whom the Publisher is indebted for the original MS. for publication. Many spurious copies are extant, all of which were unlawfully obtained; therefore, Mr. Williams determined to give it to the Public, as written by its late lamented Author, who undertook it solely and expressly at the suggestion of Mr. W.,—and by whom it has been produced with the most unequivocal success in every city in the United States.

Who has not wept over the sorrows of the O'Carolans, or enjoyed a hearty laugh at the humorous and impulsive generosity of Ragged Pat and Judy O'Trot?

The subjoined communication from Mr. Barney Williams will, no doubt, be read with much interest :—

TO THE PUBLIC AND THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.

THAT we are without a copy-right law, in this country, sufficient to protect Authors and others, who are zealous to promote the cause of the drama, is a melancholy fact. Hence, there is no inducement for educated men to turn their attention towards the stage. Eminent artistes have offered large sums for dramatic productions; but those who are competent, look upon it as a waste of time, when experience has taught them, that, on the first representation, a *Pirate* can purloin it with impunity, and dispose of it for his own emolument to whoever will become a purchaser. Such has been the case with regard to the drama of "IRELAND AS IT IS." It was written by the late J. H. Amherst, and first produced by me at the Bowery Amphitheatre (then, under the management of John Tryon, Esq.), and received with the most decided success. At this time, the sole right and property of the piece was purchased by me of Mr. A., and I supposed it did in reality belong to me; but in this I was mistaken—and it would afford me great pleasure to mention one honorable exception, throughout this country, where it has not been performed without the concurrence of the owner. Under these circumstances, I have given to Mr. Samuel French the sole right to publish it, leaving the Public to judge of its merit

BARNEY WILLIAMS

IRELAND AS IT IS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of a neat country farm-house—two folding-doors widely opened, offering a full view of a well-furnished farm-yard.*—FLORENCE *at needle-work, R.*—NEIL O'CAROLAN, L. H., *writing in a ledger, and his wife HONOR CARROLL, knitting—two girls in the back-ground at needle-work.—Irish air, "harp that once," corresponding to "home sweet home."*

Neil. [*Closing the ledger.*] Faith, and there's but little to cheer my heart when I sum up my profit and loss, rather let me say, when I enter my losses, for profit, there has been none this many and many a day,—plenty would be the roads I can take for myself, but I'm distracted entirely, when I think of the wife and childer. [*Rises, comes down.*]

Hon. [*Rising also.*] Don't agitate yourself, Neil, sure now it's because farm's running out, we must cut short our enjoyment, and endeavor to meet our difficulties by denying ourselves some few comforts; oh, darling, it's a pity you ever took the farm again at such a dreadfully advanced rent.

Neil. Is it yourself can tell me how I ought to have it? my father, grandfather, nay, great-grandfather held this little estate.

Hon. [*In tears, and leaning on his shoulder.*] Och! I know—I understand your feelings, but think for a moment, only for a moment, eight times, eight times the rent.

Neil. Sure, it's true every word you say,—but I was in hopes that my Lord Squander, the new proprietor of the estate, would visit it, the time which was appointed.

Hon. It's deceiving yourself you are, for few lords think of their tenants, except when quarter-day comes round, then and only then, their letters arrive to distrain and ruin them, if they can't raise their rents,—rarely is a week granted, the middleman proceeds in his un pitying course, while the real owner is ignorant of his supporter's sufferings.

Neil. Och, but that's true, Honor; his tenants after all are his supporters, and the best of 'em are often turned pennyless adrift to make room for some sly sneaking blarneying fellow, who in the end takes in middleman and landlord too. Well, if hard labor, if working, day and night, avert this calamity, Neil O'Carolan shall not be found wanting, where work's to be done, or money to be earnt.

Flor. [*Rising, R. c.*] Brother, dear, if you could bring the mind of y^e to speak to Mr Septimus Stone, the Steward.

Neil. (c.) Faith, darling, but I have, and his answer was: You outbid my friend for this farm, and if you're not punctual in the payment of your rent, look to it. unless indeed you choose to exert your influence with your sister in the way I've more than once hinted at.

Flor. The odious man! I'd sooner work day and night in the open air than marry such a black-hearted spalpeen.

Hon. (L. c.) Nobody's asking you, darling; I'd sooner see you bare-foot, nay more,—I'd rather shelter with my children under the hedge on the road-side, exposed to all the miseries of cold and hunger than cause the blood of the O'Carolans to be mingled with that of an upstart wretch, who sprang from beggary and raised his fortunes by cruelty and savage extortion on the unhappy peasantry of my dear, dear, native Ireland.

Flor. Och, hone, I sho'd like to hear of Conor O'Flaherty, for his good nature always dispels the clouds of misfortune.

Con. [*Singing without, L. U. E.*] St. Patrick was a gentleman and came of dacent people, &c., &c. [*Enter, C. D., goes to FLORENCE.*] Ah, Florence, my darling, how fares it—hey day, why, Neil, what ails ye all? the blue devils seem perched on the whole family.

Neil. (L. c.) Conor O'Flaherty, it's courting my sister Florence there, ye're after!—but, perhaps, ye're intirely ignorant of a great misfortune, that's come upon her.

Con. (R. c.) Faith, am I—which?

Neil. Then Conor, larn: she is poor, not a sixpence has she in the world—we find our prospects sadly changed since we renewed our lease here, and he, that takes her, must take her as she stands—what's your answer to that?

Con. [*Kissing her heartily.*] D'ye understand that, Florence?

Flor. (R.) Faith, but there's no mistaking that answer, it's mighty hearty after all.

Con. [*Pulls out ring.*] And havn't I spoke to Father Flanagan, and is it a dirty matter of money that's to part a pair of loving hearts—bad luck and a flinty road thro' life to the cold souled wretch, who'd buy the affections of a woman, or sell his own. Faith, Florence, we shall be a pair of as poor merry happy devils as ever set Ireland an example how to rear a large family on a little money—look at the ring, Florence.

[*Takes a ring from his pocket, and shows it to FLORENCE*

Hon. Come, let us try to be happy, and hope for the best.

Con. There's no philosophy like that, and I've made this morning call expressly to tell you the very same thing—for the bank is broke, wherein my poor mother deposited all her hard earnings—we're somewhat aground; but, thinking the shortest cut to settle this business wo'd be to visit the landlord, the ould girl, unknown to us, tramps off to London on her ten toes, and only returned this morning.

Hon. I hope her visit was attended by a good result.

Con. Faith, but Judy, my mother, is not the person to open her mouth to please any one but herself. I told her I was coming here, and her only answer was: hop over the bogs, darlint, and I'll be after you before you can say whisky. [*Goes up the stage.*] I'll take a peep, and see if—faith, Neil, but here's Dan, your father, coming at a snail's pace, and looking as tho' his heart was too heavy a load to carry, without staggering under it.

[*Music—Exile of Erin.*

Enter DAN O'CAROLAN, D. F. C. *from L., a very aged man, leaning on his staff—he totters to a seat, heaves a deep sigh, and lets his staff fall. HONOR and FLORENCE place a chair, C. DAN sits—rest retire.*

Dan. Och ! Ireland, dear native Ireland, how art thou fallen among the nations ! Thy children are crushed by those who should protect their industry—and turned adrift, to satisfy the avarice of agents, who misrepresent the peasant, blazon all his faults, but conceal his losses, his struggles, and his self-denials—his hard, hard meal of vegetables moistened with many a scalding tear. [*By this time the family have gathered round the patriarchal man, and affectionately soothed him.*] Ah ! is it there ye are, darlints. Vain is it that I've wearied my feet over mountain and bog, to Castle Squander. Vain is it, I urged that this farm had descended from father to son, years out of count—and that owing to the failure of crops and the loss of cattle, we'd maybe have to request the patience of the agent for another month. [*Solemnly.*] Och ! childer, childer ! if iver ye heard the voice of malice directing midnight murder—if ivir ye saw the inflamed face of the murderer himself, savagely looking on the victim within his grasp—then you may form some idea of Mr. Stone, my lord's middleman, or agent. Aye ! I thought it—I knew it—I foresaw it ! screamed he, extending his right hand in a threatening attitude. Ye shall out every mother's son of ye, unless the rent be paid. No answer, sir !—The earth or your bed, and the sky for your covering. Your son Neil outbid my friend, sir, for this very farm. I remember, your daughter Florence rejected my hand for young Conor O'Flaherty. I remember that, too. So that it's little ye're to expect from me, Dan O'Carolan.

Neil. [*Interrupting, eagerly.*] And what answer did ye give to him ? [*Crosses to him.*]

Dan. None, not the least in life. Words, boy, are no weapons. This way of behaving calls for thought. No nobleman would destroy his own estate, by countenancing such a worse than savage conduct to his peasantry. The only difficulty arises from the short time that must intervene between the middleman's threat and his execution of it. This will not allow even a letter to find its way to England, ere the evil can be consummated.

Judy O'Trot. [*Without, L. U. E.*] “Och, the boys of Kilkenny, they're nate roving blades,” &c.

Con. (R.) It's my mother coming now.

Enter JUDY O'FLAHERTY, *hastily, C. D.*

Judy, (R. C.) [*Good-humoredly.*] So, Conor O'Flaherty, it's there ye are, darlint ! Well, where better could ye be, than courting your own natial and lawful sweetheart, Florence O'Carolan ? and Florence herself is of my mind. I'll engage. Faith, Dan, my darlint, ye're looking as if ye'd swallowed a noggin of misfortune. Och, joy ! there's a day for the poor of ould Ireland yet, as sartain as ever the joking gassoons have christened me Judy O'Trot—while my rale name, by birth and idication, is Judy O'Flaherty—bad luck to the mis-spelling of spalpeens.

Dan. (L. C.) It' anxious we are, to learn the result of your journey to England.

Judy. England! Och, there it s ye're mistaken entirely I never set eyes on England, jewel, because I only travelled to London.

Con. Let us hear the particulars, mother. I'm thinking you've not met a smooth way the whole road.

Judy. Faith, an' ye may say that, Conor, wid all the truth in life; for I rode outside the coach more than half the way; which half, from the lumps and bumps I received seemed longer than the whole—so I jump't from the top to the bottom, rimmbiring not to forget the gassoons had called me Judy O'Trot, and trusting to my tin toes, I did trot, and found out Squander House, in London.

Dan. [*Half aside.*] Why did I not think of this? And you found his lordship's dwelling, easily?

Judy. The devil a ha'porth of your aisy was there in the matter. I was bothered to find London for the houses; and the people talk wid a brogue ye might cut asunder wid a knife, no blame to 'em, poor souls, for their want of idicaion. Och, I says, if I had ye at County Tipperary, wodn't the Flahertys, the Shaughnesses, the Carrols, and the Flannagans, tache yes iligant speech. But myself found the house about one o'clock at night, where there was a great hubbahoo, and dancing, and singing, and bawling; and when I axed the meaning of it all, they tould me it was a row—a fashionable row. Oh, ye devil, Conor! I think me of the heads and other broken limbs ye're always getting at the rows at Donnybrook, tho' it's far ye travel for it. Well, honies, I axed for my lord, but the poor ignorant craturs cudn't be made to understand. So, watching my opportunity, I bolted up stairs, pushed open a large pair of red doors, and found myself, Judy O'Flaherty, in the midst of lords, ladies, futmen and fidlers. Good luck to ye, darlints, says I—if it's dancing ye are—och, Garryowen forever! [*Leaps about.*]

Hon. (L. c.) Wonderful!

Neil. (L.) It is my own ear that witnesses this tale, or I couldn't credit it.

Flor. (R. H.) And weren't you terrified?

Judy. (R. c.) Terrified is it you mane? Terrified—Judy O'Trot terrified at a gentleman. And is it the likes of you, Florence Carolan, to ax that foolish question? Ye'll hear how much I was terrified. One of 'em—St. Patrick knows who, but covered he was all over with lace, from head to feet—just said, Pray, madam, says he, to what are this honorable company indebted for the favor of this visit?—houlding all the while a tray full of drinkables. That didn't terrify me in the laste, as ye may well engage, Florence—for the powthered boy was mighty civil—and so I said, To the devil I pitch all apologies, darlint. Here's long life to ye!—and I emptied a tumbler of something warm and good; and then I tould the gassoon I had a small matther of business to settle with his master, the lord; and if it was not convanient to lave off the jigs, I could sit down for the night among 'em.

Con. And did they permit that?

Judy. Faith, did they, and mighty glad of the chance they seemed. Some said I was an original. No names, ladies, says I—for I've the blood of the Flahertys in my veins. But the Christians pacified me with another tumbler of the warm, and said they meant only to say I was a character. Och, jewels, says I, I have a character—for Judy's not the boy to take offence

at thrifles. D'ye think I'd have walked on my two feet all the ways from Ireland, to see his Lordship, to help me out o' my little troubles, and to settle the child Conor, and thin to be cantankerous? Fait, and its little ye know of Judy O'Trot, to suppose that thing! Upon which a tall lady in black—heaven speed her—came up and tuk my hand, while she loked in my face, wid de water in her eyes, and axed me in a trimbling tone, if I had walked all the way from my own natral parts at home. And sure did I, ma'am, says I, or Judy would scorn to say that thing—bating the wather and the coach, which was no help at all at all! Well, afther that, she put me to bed wid her own iligant hands; and, after axing all manner of questions about the farm and some dirty blackguards that shall be nameless, she tould me my business should be settled intirely in the morning. And faith, so it was, for I've that in my pocket will startle somebody—I don't say who—only the first letther of his name's Stone.

Hon. (L. C.) Ah, had we but thought of telling ye of our hard case.

Judy. Faith, more's the pity ye didn't, for I'd have made it known in a jiffy, and so have killed two stones wid one bird—but I saw no more of the lady in pusion ixcipt by lether. [*Unpins a letter from her bosom.*] Here's the scratch, all in lines as straight as a rail-road; here, Conor, darlin, spill that!

Con. "To Mrs. Judy O'Flaherty."

Judy. Och, manners—to Mrs. Judy—iligant that—flatter myself, only my idication didn't xtind that length, but barring the writing and spilling and reading. Judy's a broth of a boy in thim matters.

Con. [*Reading.*] "*Mrs. Judy Flaherty is requested to use the enclosed ten pounds, to convey her homewards immediately to her family; her other desire has more than been complied with, as she will find by a parcel, which will be delivered by the bearer, who will see her safe to the coach-office.*"

Judy. Faith, and the powthered boy did that thing nately and ginteely. A good journey to ye, Mrs. O'Flaherty, says he; the same, sir, says I, to you, and a many of 'em—give my love to my lord. and my duty to yer mistress, wid my compliments to yourself; och, darlints thin I was on the road, before you could say whiskey, and an't I here to tell ye the news?

Enter ragged PAT, hastily, c. D.

Pat. (L. C.) O, Dan—Dan, there's that devil's bird, Stone, the middleman, that wo'd sour the butther-milk by his ill-look, making towards the farm. Shall myself and a few dacent Christian-boys pitch him into the bog? we'll do that thing, if ye'll ownly wink wid your little finger, be damned to him, the dirty ould blackguard.

Hon. The wretch!

Flor. Unfeeling monster!

Judy. The big, black blackguard!

Neil. The whole blood of me is in a flame!

Con. On my life, Pat, I must knock his brains out!

Pat. [*On the L. of DAN.*] 'Pon my conscience, I'll take that throuble off your hands, wid all the satisfaction in life.

Dan. [*Rises—FLORENCE takes back the chair.*] No violence, boys, we'll strive to get the wrongs we suffer amended, but we'll break no law, we'll use no violence; could you even succeed for a time, think how fearful and

bloody would be the consequence, on every trifling quarrel, the instruments of death would be in your hands, the curses of the widow and the fatherless fill the land.

Hon. Ah, for heaven's sake, think of that.

Neil. My father's right, very right, quite right.

Dan. Then, darlings, there's another reason the ould man has to show it's as plain as the sun at meridian day, that we and most of the peasantry are infamously belied—our enemies, who wish to fright away the owners of estates, and cover their own wicked misconduct, represent us as barbarous blood-hunters, opposers of decency and defiers of the law! let our conduct give back the lie to the liar, and let the unstained and noble blood of the O'Carolans and the O'Flahertys prove to all Europe that the Irish poor are as honest, self-governed, and hospitable as any race of men in ancient or in modern history.

[*DAN goes up, and sits, R. C., and takes the children on his knee.*

Neil. Oh, my father! [*All go up to R. C., except PAT and JUDY.*

Pat. The ould gentleman has brought the water into every eye I have in my head,—Mrs. Judy, ye havn't a drop o' the crater about ye—have ye, to soften the sorrows of one ov the Irish pansantry?

Judy. [*Takes bottle out of pocket.*] Here, ye blarneying devil ye!

[*Puts the bottle to PAT's mouth.*

Pat. Faith, now, but I'll listen to ye, the whole day and night, backed by such a spirited argument as this.

Con. [*Looking, C. R.*] Faith then, here comes Stone himself.

[*Crosses to L. C. with HONOR.*

Pat. If that same Stone was chucked into the river, I'm thinking how nately he'd sink to the bottom. Pat wodn't break his neck to fish him up again.

Judy. Dan, my darling, ye've bothered me wid your ancient and modern speeches, but a word wid ye, I'm resolved to manage my own affairs wid my own hands, as far as that Stone's concerned, dibil's cure to him, Judy O'Trot will do the iligant thing.

Enter STONE, C. from L.—DAN retires—CONOR and FLORENCE go down to R. C.; he has hold of her hand.

Stone. (*L. C.*) So, so, Florence hand in hand with young Conor, umph; well, I suppose you see I'm here, who am I?

Pat. (*C.*) Ye're a stone, and a stone's widout blood or heart.

Judy. (*C.*) [*Aside.*] I'll give that sensible boy another drop of the crater. Pat, ye divil, here!

[*They go up C.—She puts the flask to PAT's lips.*

Stone. Insult is not payment—money I want, and money I must and will have, you can't expect indulgence from me. I have the sheriff and officers at hand, to distrain Judy O'Flaherty or Judy O'Trot's goods, and turn her out; your turn will come next, Daniel!

Judy. [*Aside.*] Many thanks to ye, Mr. Stone, Esq. Pat, wait till a while ago.

[*Gives him a drink from the flask.*

Pat. I'll do that thing.

[*Drinks it up.*

Stone. Therefore, ye'll prepare yourselves to seek another habitation, and you'll understand it's a capital felony visited with transportation for

life if a single article should be removed from the premises before my lawful dues are satisfied.

They all kneel, and the men, who have taken off their hats on Stone's entrance, are thunderstruck by old DAN, who, tearing open his neck-cloth, utters in a loud, and most commanding voice—

Dan. [*Comes down, c.*] Stand upon your feet like men, like honest men and upright Irishmen—ye should have old Daniel's curse if you could bend low enough to kneel or crouch before that upstart beggar, in sorrows and oppression, and it isn't those ye're wanting; kneel there, [*pointing upwards*] and there ye'll be heard and answered, all in good time. [*To NEIL and CONOR, who have taken off their hats during the old man's solemn appeal.*] Put on your hats, my boys, and listen with decency to this man's message.

[*DAN returns to his seat.*]

Stone. Oh, I've nothing more to say, only you'll remember, you're joint security with your son for this farm.

Judy. [*Advancing.*] And after this illigant behavior, maybe ye'll go home and ate your pratees wid as good an appetite as ivir.

Pat. Sure will he, a stone wou'dn't choak him, the Jackall that he is.

Stone. I've a seizure against you, Mrs. Judy!

Judy. Och, the house-breaker—if ye lay a finger on a pig or tinder-box or any other animal in my nate white cot yonder, I'll bate you blue intirely,—och, look to his wig, it's the color of his heart—the canting, blarneying rapscallion—what's the like of that, Pat?

Pat. A stone.

Stone. You'll change your note, to-morrow!

Judy. By the powers, but I've changed it to-day and put the money in a hole up the chimney.

Stone. What?

Judy. What!—Bad manners to yer school-master, it's little good ye'll get of me anyhow. I'm an ancient modern hero of a woman, as Dan O'Carolan says in his illigant speech, and I'll not demean myself to such a stone.

Stone. Upon my life I think the woman's mad.

Judy. No more a woman than yourself, ould Stone—woman is it ye mane, ye ould deceiver, ye defamer ov the fair and tinder six! have I, Judy O'Trot, travelled in a ship by land, and a-top of a coach by water, to be called a woman by the likes of you—maybe ye'll write squire to the ind of my name yet—ye stone ye—[*pulls lease out of her pocket,*]—rade that, ye destroyer, and thin ax yourself whether ye havn't got a pain in your back, ould Stone. [*He looks at lease and lets it fall.*] Take a lady's advice, ould Stone, and get out of that—what, ye're bothered intirely—rade, Conor, boy, till every hair in the ould rapscallion's wig stands as upright wid fright as a poker—rade, boy, rade!

Con. [*Having taken it up.*] As I live, it's a full discharge of all our past debts and the renewal of our lease, during my mother's life, and mine, at an almost nominal rent of four pounds a-year.

Stone. [*Maliciously.*] It's a pity, Daniel, you have no such document; ere it be long, ye shall hear of me, I promise you. [*Exit c., and off, &*]

Judy. Paddy, ye'd better be after shewing him the way.

Pat. I'll do that thing, when I've collected my tooth-pick.

[*Takes an immensely big stick*

Judy. It's an engaging lad ye are, Pat!

Pat. Barring the brogues, och!

[*Leaps and exit, c.*

Neil. There's evil in the steward's eye, and the devil in his heart.

Hon. I dread to think upon the consequences of the rage, and the disappointment of his malice.

Judy. Faith and no fluster at all, at all. I'll sell the pigs and the ould cock and hen, and all the other moveables before the hair of your heads shall be touched by a Stone.

Dan. Our trials will be many and severe, but our neighbor's success inspires me with hope—so much goodness can only proceed from hearts of benevolence; therefore, ould as I am, I'll see London myself. [*Noise.*

Enter PAT, c., running.

Pat. Och, great bad luck is it I have to tell: a foreign Frinchman has pitched himself and his horse over the cliff, one of 'em killed intirely.

Omnes. Which? which?

Pat. Och, the horse, of course; the jintleman scrambled up, and squatting on the banks, rubbing his feet, says I, Long life to your honor, is it any physic ye're needing after your tumble? say the word, and I'll fetch Phelim O'Drench, the horse-doctor; but the crater ownly smiled, and said, Paddy, parlez vous français? ocho, says I, that's Irish; ownly I don't understand your brogue, but I'll run for ould Dan O'Carolan, and he'll give ye help before you can say slips.

Hon. What can we do, our means are so small?

Flor. And but one respectable bed in the house!

Dan. Then smooth it down for this unfortunate sufferer, stir about the house and make this unhappy being welcome—hospitality at all times is ould Ireland's boast, and the practice of this duty places the peasant owner of the meanest hovel on a par with the proudest peer Great Britain boasts. Come, lads, come!

[*Exeunt c., and off, 1.*

MUSIC.—*The women retire and place the room in order; then return, awaiting respectfully the entrance of the stranger, who, leaning on the men, advances, seats himself in the centre, first bowing to the ladies.*

Mons. V. Ah, messieurs et mesdames, I thank all every for dis honeur. Je vous remercie de tout mon cœur. [*Perceiving PAT.*] Ah, mon bon ami, how do you find yourself out to-day? I hope you understand what I say.

Pat. (L. c.) Understand ye—sure and I do, it's all as clear as the mud in the Liffy, ixcepting that bit of an engaging brogue you have, joy.

Mons. V. (c.) Aha, my friend Pat, you shall understand dis.

[*Offers coin.*

Pat. No, yer honor, my namesake, St. Patrick, who was christened afther me, was a jontleman, and it's beneath his discindants to take dirty money for helping a foreigner out of the mud.

[*Retires up with JUDY*

Judy. Pat, ye divil, here!

[*Crosses, gives him whisky—he drinks and exits, c.*

Hon. (L. c.) If you have received the least shock, a plain, but clean bed is prepared for you.

Neil. (L.) Consider yourself as master of this humble roof, and make yourself at home.

Mons. V. Mais I am oblige to you, from top to bottom all over—mais, what can I— [Pulls out purse, again.]

Dan. (R.) [Mildly but firmly.] Put up!—a stranger it's plain ye are, or you'd know the poorest of Ireland's children never sell their humanity. [PAT runs in and whispers DAN, R.C.—Mons. VOYAGE, pulls out his handkerchief, and covers his face.] Whist! don't distress the stranger wid the news, darlint; Judy, ye'll remain and see to the accommodations; it's yourself knows our errand.

[Exeunt omnes C. L., but JUDY and Mons. VOYAGE.]

Mons. V. Ah, but it's noble—cette conduit la est bien noble trouvez vous, nest ce pas, madame. I beg myself out of your pardon. I don't know which and who is your name.

Judy. Judy O'Flaherty, or if you plase, O'Trot.

Mons. V. Judy, if you please, O'Flanigo Trot, ah, mon dieu, c'est bien difficile a prononcer que cette appellation la.

Judy. [Bawling.] Which!

Mons. V. A hard name to speak from my mouth. I shall break some of my jaws, Judy O'Trot.

Judy. Och, darlint, it's nothing whin ye're used to it, but is it sprained yer ancle is—there's as nate a bed as ever a—

Mons. V. Ah, mais excusez moi—your pardon, you are so agreeable dat you drive all my slips away—you are so like a French lady that—

Judy. Faith. and it's myself always had a turn for iligance, in spite of my teeth, but it's getting dark, and ye must go to the bed or I'll get a character for bad manners, and if ye hear a bit of a scrimmage, and one Stone sho'd whisper a word or two of a broken head, ye'll jist rimimber it's only a pleasant dream ye've got, and turn about on the other side of ye, and sleep like a mill-stone till the morning.

Mons. V. Bon repos, madam Judy.—O—o,—I don't know—bote keep out your heart, laugh to-day and cry to-morrow, is always the French motto.

Judy. Right, Monsieur, right, och, joy—bad luck now—worse luck another time.

Mons. V. Is this what you tink—ah, bravo—bravo!

He retires to the bed-room, L. 2 E., JUDY looks out, and the family party rush down despairingly and stand in mute horror.

Hon. Beggary and ruin must be our lot—they come—my children, oh my children!

Judy. Och, then that devil's bird, Stone, is upon ye to take away every stick—hard fortune to him.

Con. Mother dear, something must be done.

Judy. Here's the key, run and get five pounds out of the chimney—the silver watch, the pig and the cow, that's more than will pay the rint twice over. [Exit CONOR hastily.] Sure, and there's no occasion to cast down your hearts—the boy'll reach the white cottage yonder in a jiffy.

Enter STONE and Sheriff, with officer.

STONE. Seize on every thing. Whistle, if the least resistance is made, and an armed body of police will rush to your assistance.

[Takes hold of chair.

JUDY. (L. C.) Hold off your dirty hands from your dirty work—the boy CONOR has run to my white cot yonder for the money. He'll be back, I warrant, in a twinkling.

Lights down. Low hurry—*Pia Pianissimo*. The cot bursts into flames—the characters form on either side of the stage, and CONOR rushes on without his coat.

CON. [Above the music.] Some one has fired the farm! and oh, mother, Florence, we are ruined, entirely ruined.

STONE. (L. C.) [Loudly, and with authority.] Sheriff, do your duty!

PAT. [Interposing.] If you lay your dirty fingers on a stick, I'll dust your jacket for yez. [Jumps upon the table, and flourishes his shillelah.

HONOR faints on NEIL, R. C. FLORENCE hides her head in CONOR's bosom, R. C. The two girls rush to FLORENCE, and DAN takes the young child in his arms, and kneels, exclaiming, "Ireland—Ireland!" The glare of the conflagration illumines this affecting Tableau.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—A Landscape, covered with snow.—Cave, R. H., 3 E.—Music. Bank, R. H., 2 E.—Snow falling. Enter STONE, U. E. L.

STONE. (U. E. L.) Damn it, when I come to calculate on this business, I'm more like to be a loser than I thought. Well, my revenge is satisfied—that's something—but the old man, Dan O'Carolan, is too deep for me. No rioting, no blows, not even an abusive word; so that no excuse presented itself to fire upon one of 'em, or even commit 'em to prison. Where the devil can Slang, the London Sharper, loiter? That's another curse; when you employ a rascal, you must put up with his insolence, although he's sure to take care and be well paid. Oho! here my gentleman is.

Enter SLANG, L. H. U. E.,

SLANG. Vell, Mr. Stone, havn't kept you waiting, I hope, for I'm devilishly in want of the ready. Come, fork out—forty pounds.

STONE. Forty devils—forty pounds indeed. For what, I should like to know?

SLANG. Vy, Mr. Stone, I don't like to descend to particulars—but there's been a fire at Judy whats-her-name's, and there's been a few false oaths, and there will be great want of my future services, and no mistake.

STONE. I said twenty—twenty pounds—you know I did. Damn it, there ought to be honor even among thieves!

SLANG. No low language, Mr. Stone, if you please. 'Twould be setting a bad example for us to think of honor; our trade would fall into disuse if we gave way to such fancies. The common thieves are getting too much

of gentlemen already ; and if so be they vonce put notions of honor into their heads, where the devil would such fellows as you get your dirty work attended to ?

Stone. (R.) Not so much familiarity, friend *Slang*. [*Loudly.*] Do you take me for one of your own class ?

Slang. (L.) [*Pointedly.*] Oh no, nor half so brave and manly ; so don't flare up, old one ; but recollect, whatever I may be, I do the deed your cunning head plans, but your coward heart trembles to execute. So, no more mouth, but down with the dibs, or you know what !

MUSIC.—*Air, Pianissimo—Exile of Erin.*

Stone. Hey !—what—what's that ? [*Looks off L. 3 E.*

Slang Vy, it's the poor souls that's either burnt out, or rendered houseless by your seizure, about to depart from their native home, and seek a passage to America. Damn me if it don't make me feel queer, that thought I had a heart that nothing could touch. Come, hand over the rhino, and let me be off. [*Snow falls rapidly.*

Stone. Well, well, but don't be so impatient—the party are close upon us—beneath the shadow of this cavity I'll talk over the matter with ye. I've another job on hand, but we'll settle for both together. Here, this way—this way. [*They enter the cavity, R. H.*

AIR—*The Exile—forte ma lento.*

Enter NEIL CAROLAN—his aged father DAN—his wife HONOR—with knap sacks and bundles. CONOR walks hand in hand with FLORENCE, bearing all her luggage. Children slowly moving on—JUDY follows. They all halt at the centre of the stage. The wood, L. H. 3 E.

Dan. (C.) There's one comfort, in the midst of all this—we've wronged no man of a single article ; we've broke no law. Neil O'Carolan, remember there's gentle blood in your veins. Meddle nor make wid no scrimmages nor midnight attacks. Rade the account of your ancestors, who drove away enemies, three times their number and their force, back to their native shore, in shame, confusion, and defeat. But they met them front to front—nor cut domestic cattle, nor maimed their foes' defenceless bodies in the dark.

Neil. (R. C.) It's my father spaking to me, and perhaps it's the last time I'll hear the sound of his aged voice. And is it yourself, wid your white hairs streaming to the night wind, and no cabin to cover ye from the frost and the snow, and ye preaching patience ! Oh, father dear, ye're either less or more than man !

Hon. (R.) Neil, it's your good father's speaking ; and it's his last request. Promise him, and take that father's blessing.

Neil. [*Takes his father's hand, and kisses it.*] Ye know what it is I mane. Ye've tould and taught me to respect my word. To the day of my death I'll do that same.

Dan. Ye've taken a load from my ould heart. And it's to the next port ye're going, to work your way to America. Come here, darlints.

[*The family go up and converse, R. C.*

Judy. The ould man's spaches puts all the courage out of me intirelv.

Faith, but I'm no modern ancient hero, and I'll take no oath, save and except if I do meet that Stone, I'll bate him to a powther, or he shall powther Judy O'Trot. Faith, but we'll see who's the best man of the two.

Enter PAT, with bag, L. H. 1 E. He looks at JUDY mournfully—he has a small bag of potatoes and a coarse rug over his arm—he is pale and agitated. Music, "The Exile of Erin."

Pat. (L.) Judy, and is it yourself going to quit? and is it to sea ye're goin? and bitter weather. My heart's swelling in me till my body seems too small to hould it. Here's the thrifle my mother has sent you, and you'll not break both our hearts, by refusing to take 'em.

Judy. (R.) [Half whispering.] Pat, darlint, look to the childer; they're needing help, faith; but I'll do well enough. Look at the darlints.

Pat. Och, blue murder! I codn't look in their faces, and spake plain Irish; for something rises to my throat, and chokes my utterance entirely.

Judy. Pat, ye divil, ye're a broth of a boy. *[Offering money.]*

Pat. Not a hap'orth, Judy. When the Carolans had meat, their neighbors shared it—and whin it came to praties and salt, they put 'em piping hot into my hand, for my lame ould mother at home; and that made a mark here, that—there, do what ye like, Judy, wid the articles, and say that Pat Doherty sends his last love and compliments.

[Rushes out, L. 1 E.]
Judy. That Pat's an iligant boy, and one of father Dan O'Carolan's modern ancient heroes; which manes, I suppose, whin a poor Irishman gives his last blanket and potatoe to a poorer neighbor, he's shuperior if not equal to a duke or a king. Och, but I shouldn't wonder if Pat's a gintleman in disguise, after all. Here, darlints.

Goes up, and gives bag to her son, with blanket, importing that they are for the family.

Dan. [Coming forward, c.] You've determined among yourselves to quit dear native Ireland, for America—the home of the oppressed, the birth-place of the immortal Washington! It's my advice that ye'll keep upon the borders of it as long as ye'll be able to hould body and soul together by honest industry. For myself, I still have hopes for ye; so lave some track in every village, how I'll find ye out. Spake no more—ye've had all I've got to give ye, and ye'll have my prayers while my aged frame is held together, and my senses will direct me. No more—no more.

AIR—Answering to Exile of Erin. All, as they part, turn, and cast looks of unutterable affection towards the old man. He takes leave of NEIL and HONOR, CONOR and FLORENCE, who exeunt R. 1 E.—then JUDY and the children. He is so overcome by it, that he clings to them, as JUDY takes them off, R. 1 E., and falls prostrate.

Dan. [Rising wildly.] They are gone! The last kith and kin of me are on their way to travel to a foreign land—Neil, my good, my dutiful, my only boy. *[Still looking towards their path.]* The women, too, without one solitary comfort. Och, heavy will be their hearts, when in this tempestuous night the childer will ask for sleep, and warmth, and food. *[Warming with*

Chorus.] Suppose the creatures perish in some snow-covered hole, and I be left alone—alone, to wander forth an aged beggar, searching through each bog and vale for the mouldering remains of all the earth held dear to me. Oh, Heaven! in mercy save me from the horrid thought.

[Falls on the bank.

MUSIC.—STONE and SLANG appear, R. H. STONE casts a scarlet purse on the ground, wrought with gold, so as almost to touch DAN's hand.

Stone. I think this will take effect.

[Exit into cavity. DAN, rising, sees purse—seizes it

Dan. Is it clear my eyesight is—a purse of gold. Ah, joy! my childer will be saved—my age will be consoled—I shall embrace them all around. Some humble hearth of mine will warm them, and—I'll rush and call them back! No, Dan, no—this gold is not your own; it must and shall be now returned. Perhaps some luckless being, wretched as myself, deploras his loss. I'll to the nearest inn, and give it up. My heart is heavy, but I must bear up against it. Courage, Dan! Fortune may have power to make the peasant poor, but principle shall teach him to be honest. *[Exit, L. H.*

Stone. Shall it? then we must make haste before he reach the inn, or all my labor will have been in vain to trap him.

[Hurry.—Exit, followed by Slang, L. H.

SCENE II.—Snow Landscape—Music—Front Scene.

Enter HONOR and NEIL, L. H.

Neil. Honor, your courage does you credit. Large cities and splendid palaces may possess their ornaments and luxuries; but let those who value Heaven's best gift to man, a virtuous wife, look upon the humble peasant's partner, and own how kindly Providence has mingled sweetness even in his cup of bitterness,—who is beggar'd, houseless, and ignorant where to seek a shelter for his houseless family!

Enter CONOR, L. H.

Con. The evening lowers, and heavy flakes of snow will soon descend;—where can Florence loiter? she was beckoned by my mother to deviate from the heath.

Enter GASSOON, L. H., with letter.

Gas. Is it yourself that's called Conor O'Flaherty, or are you another man?

Con. I see, by the superscription, that letter is for me. *[Takes it.*

Gas. You're a tight gentleman, and great luck to ye, for I'll insure the lady will call me an iligant post. *[Exit, L. H.*

Con. This is a letter from my mother—who wrote it, I wonder?—requesting Florence to meet her alone. Not long since I saw her with my mother—what can this mean?—should there be treachery—

MUSIC.—*Enter PAT, hastily, L. H.*

Pat. Oh, Neil, Neil O'Carolan! your old father is in prison!

Omrés. In prison!

Pat. On the oath of that middleman, Stone, and be damned to Lin He swears ould Dan robbed him of a purse full of goold.

Neil. Eternal curses seize upon and palsy the false tongue that uttered this disgraceful lie—a jail! my father in a jail!—oh, we bear too much!

Con. Let's instantly return, procure sufficient implements to batter down the prison-doors, and seize upon the wretch who so long has wrought our woe.

Hon. Onward at once! women, girls, and even infancy must rise at such injustice and barbarity. The cry will be: There's no true blood in Ireland, if we bear this degrading hour.

Neil. This villain hath o'er-reached himself, and 'twill be a mercy to mankind to stop his ruthless course. [*Kneels.*] Never, from this hour, shall food or drink be taken by these lips, till my father gain his freedom. [*Rises.*] We'll rouse our friends to do us justice, as we pass along.

Con. And be our signal-word:—"Old Ireland and revenge!"

Omnes. Revenge! Revenge!

[*Music. They hurry out, L. H.*]

SCENE III.—*Old oak chamber, with a sliding panel-door, in R. F. c.—A large chest, L. c.—A table, c.—Screen on, L. H.—Picture in panel.*

MUSIC.—*Enter JUDY through door, c.*

Judy. Faith, Judy, but you're a house-breaker, darlint, with a felonious intint to trap a Stone; sure, and this is a nate place to pop upon. I'll watch here like a cat after buttermilk, till I come across comfort for the poor sows that are travelling the country through frost and snow, and if I'm found out, I'll act like an ancient modern hero as I am.

Stone. [*Without at the panel.*] This way,—this, I tell you, is the entrance.

Judy. Och, it's the stone! [*Sees walking-stick.*] Faith, but here's a nate fly-duster—wouldn't I like to dust the coat of ould Stone wid this same.

Stone. [*Without.*] What the devil are you alarmed at? I've pistols for defence, and you'll find a devilish good bottle of wine within.

Judy. Och, murther intirely! [*Pushes the door close with the walking-stick.*] To the devil I pitch ye both; how will I find out poor ould Dan O'Carolan's fate,—shut up here, like a pig in a pound? [*Noise of spring.*] That's ould Stone, picking his teeth—och, I'm ruined intirely, if I'm discovered!

[*Music repeated,—the picture is shoved back—JUDY pops behind the screen.*]

Enter STONE and SLANG through the panel, R. F. STONE has a pair of pistols and key.

Stone. Come in, Slang; why, man, you're as much alarmed as a nurse-child at the dreadful tale of the Blue Beard, or the Ogre and the Seven-leagued Boots. The situation of this room, I tell you, is unknown to the rest of the family, now resident in Castle Squander—and here, over a good bottle of wine for comfort—

[*Puts pistols on the table, R.*]

Slang. [*Significantly.*] And a good pair of pistols for safety. Mr. Stone, we may arrange our joint affairs; but, with your permission, we'll begin with mine first. If I carry, or cause to be carried, all the points for your secure possession of this property, and contrive your perfect safety in escape, I am to receive one hundred pounds!

Stone. Right, very right, Mr. Slang. One hundred pounds is the exact sum I agree to give.

Slang. Vell now, then, we come to this here business at once. You must trust me, or I must trust you,—a circumstance I by no means approve of; therefore, you have nothing to do but hand over the blunt.

Stone. Why, really, Mr. Slang,—honor—

[Takes a key from his pocket, and unlocks the chest.]

Slang. There, never mind honor; hand over the mopusses, or there's an end of every thing atween us.

Judy. Faith, but Mr. Slang's as big a rogue as Mr. Stone; ownly he has more brains in his head. Och, the swate pair, as the devil said, by his elbows.

STONE, taking money from the chest, and at the same time bringing out papers, which are laid on the table.

Slang. Come, come—this looks something like business; only let me touch the ready, and I'll drown, burn, or swear anything you like.

Stone. Well, well,—there's fifty—that's half in advance, and you may save yourself the trouble of counting it, as it was paid me by Neil O'Carolan, and I always found his money and accounts to be quite correct.

Judy. The ould rogue spakes truth,—I'd as soon expect a potatoe crop seven days in the week and two on a Sunday.

Slang. *[Aside.]* Go it, old one; I'll show you a trick worth two yet, when you least expect it. I'll pocket this on account; now, what is to be done, I should like to know.

Stone. I can't exactly point out the course that step by step you're to follow; but something whispers me, we're on the point of encountering more difficulties than we are quite aware of—who in the devil's name is that Frenchman?—he has been sent here—there and everywhere—I have sometimes thought he is one of my lord's gambling-friends, or in plainer terms, a sharper with perhaps some claim upon the estate.

Slang. Well, but that needn't prevent your escape; what do you care about the estate, you can't run away with that, can you?

Stone. No, but I can run away with Florence O'Carolan if nobody interferes—the old man is safely lodged in jail—thanks to you for that, Slang. Now some scheme must be devised to separate the men from the women. Florence will easily become my prey, and if I can but get her safely on board the Fishing Smack I've hired, I shan't stand nice about another hundred—

Judy. Och, the timpter—ould Nick will keep a score for you, and I'd like to be by at the settling-day.

Stone. We must beware of that she-devil in human shape, that cursed, cunning, contriving fiend, Judy O'Trot—why, man, she made her way up to London, and defeated half my plans.

Judy. Fait, I did that same, and maybe I'll do that same again—my compliments to you, ould Stone. *[Drinks liquor.]*

Slang. Nonsense—didn't I set fire to her cottage myself, and isn't she vagabondising far away with the rest of the houseless wretches?

Stone. I've my doubts—we can't be too careful—to secure the Fishing Smack, I've employed a desperate set of fellows to pinion Ragged Pat, as he's called, and bring him here a prisoner.

Slang. What the devil are you going to do with the fellow? he'll be missed, and if he is traced, there'll be the devil to pay.

Stone. Traced man—I only want to detain him here a few hours, till you and I can execute our scheme—we can return through the panel or by the door, which has been blown to by the wind—but above all other things attend to this, these papers you understand will do the deed—he that can empty a pocket skilfully, can fill one too.

Slang. I see—I understand—but a word with you, Mr. Stone. [*Leads him forward, R., JUDY pops from behind the screen, takes up several of the papers and pockets them with the pistols, then gets behind the screen.*] Now, these are my terms, my only terms, I've seen bags of money in the trunk, and I'm determined to be well paid.

Stone. It's a hard case, that one rogue can't trust another—well—well—let's get clear of this job cleverly and I don't mind a few pounds, [*noise at door,*] look to the passage—'tis that hot-headed meddling devil Pat—bring him in. [*Exit SLANG, by the panel.*] I'm surrounded by blood-hounds on every side—but I'll be more than a match for them all yet. [*Closes trunk.*] One of my torments is far enough off I trust, that plague Judy O'Trot, with her hands eternally striking mischief at me. [*Music—Pianissimo—JUDY at this moment raps him over the head, he falls forward.*] What's that? there's some one behind the screen; I'll examine. [*Music—he goes round slowly—JUDY instantly pops into the chest—STONE folds up the screen and puts it on one side. Enter SLANG leading PAT bound through pannel, who is placed with his back near the trunk.*]

Pat. Bad manners to ye, Mr. Stone; is this the way ye trate an Irish gentleman? I'm one of the relations of St. Patrick, and he came of dacent people.

Stone. Don't flurry yourself, all this is done for your benefit; you'll not be kept long, it's merely to prevent your falling into mischief with the O'Carolans.

Pat. Look ye, ould white-wig; Dan O'Carolan will live in every Irishman's heart, when you and your memory will be spurned and trod upon—now, put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Stone. Ay, ay, just as I said—but he's fast bound and I can manage him—here, here, a word or two with you and then to business.

They talk apart with their backs to PAT.—JUDY opens trunk, unties PAT's arms and puts pistol in his hand.

Judy. Here Pat, ye divil ye!

[*PAT hides pistol*

Stone. Go you and reconnoitre, while I lock this trunk, and then I'll follow.

[*Locks trunk.*

Slang. I'll keep a sharp look out, and if anything can be done, why, Slang's the boy to do it.

Picks STONE's pocket of the key and shows it—crying, hem, ha, and exit at the pannel. STONE closes the door carefully.

Stone. Now, arn't you a beauty, Mr. Pat?

Pat. Fait, Mr. Stone, the leedies say that thing, and I'm mighty impatient to ax 'em not to break their hearts on my account. [*Shows pistol.*] Civility's ivry thing, ould Stone—show me out of this, my darling, or I'll blow the top of your roof off.

Stone. [*Aside.*] The pistol's gone—oh, certainly, Patrick ; law, it was only my fun.

Pat. Ochhone, your fun, was it ? fait thin, I'll finish the joke—lead the way, Mr. Stone—Och, Judy, you'll hear from me soon, darlint—lead on Mr. Stone !

MUSIC.—*PAT points the pistol at him—he leads the way off through the c. door, very much frightened.*

Enter SLANG, through the panel.

Slang. O ho, the old one's gone, has he, and taken Pat with him, I suppose—well, never was rogue so neatly hit—I let him lock the chest, and then I nibbled the key—[*puts it into key-hole,*—] I shall find rare hoards of the old rogue's treasuring, I warrant—now then for an agreeable surprise.

[*Opens chest.*

Judy. [*Rising.*] The top of the morning to ye, Jewel ; it's little ye're expecting to meet Judy O'Trot, as handy a female-lady as iver thread in two shoes—shut up your taty trap and hop over the bogs, if you wish to escape the contints of this young gun.

[*Pointing pistol.*

Slang. Oh, sartainly—this way, ma'am ?

[*Exit,—followed by JUDY, through door, c.*

SCENE IV.—*Forward scene.—Snow landscape.—Hurry.*

Enter SLANG, running, L. H.

Slang. Was ever the knowing one so neatly taken in ; that Judy O'Trot has trotted me finely, and a hard run I had to escape from her. Well now, I must stick to old Stone's dirty work in spite of my teeth—for I've no money nor means, to escape from these wild Irish—the 50 I've secured, won't pay my debts of honor among my pals.

[*Hurry*

Enter STONE, flurried, L. H.

Stone. Oh, Mr. Slang—Mr. Slang !

Slang. Oh, Mr. Stone—Mr. Stone !

Stone. Were ever two men so infamously treated—but who's that ? [*Looking L.*] The Frenchman again ; what makes the fellow perpetually lurk about, watching our movements ?

Slang. Oh, curse him ; some love affair, perhaps—ha, talking of that—I've dispatched a note, that will take Florence to an unfrequented spot—the one appointed and described by you—this note, it is pretended, was written by Judy O'Trot.

Stone. Don't mention her name, it gives me a sort of ague.

Slang. And me a crick in my neck—well, Florence is requested to be at the lonely spot near the prison, so you must make the most of that ; I'll do the rest of the job, never fear—I'll manage to lay 'em all by the heels ; I want revenge and I'll have it.

Stone. Right, Mr. Slang, very right—there's nothing like resolution and courage ; I'll hide and watch this Frenchman—no, there's nothing like a bold heart.

Slang. Well, I know that nobody ever doubted my pluck.

[JUDY sings without L. H.]

Stone and Slang. It's that damned Judy O'Trot.

STONE conceals himself, R.—JUDY enters L., and whacks SLANG with a shille-lah—he runs off, R.

Judy. Upon my faith and conscience as a lady, if that Stone and his man isn't leaping over the bogs like grass-hoppers—och, but I'll give that iligant Pat a taste—that boy'll make a man before his mother—he's natrally a genius, and by my oath, he'll be one of the ancient modern heroes, that Dan O'Carolan talks so much about—ha! that the foreign Frinchman, that's always in two places at one time—fait, but I'll tackle him on the spot. [Enter Mons. VOYAGE, L. H.] Does your honor and glory recollect Irish?

Mons. V. Ah, mais oui, madame. I understand all dat you say because you open your teeth and won't shut your mouth. Ah, mon dieu, I spoke your tongue like a native born, on top des lands; ah, mais I know who as what—he, hey!

Judy. I'll try the crathur's heart—perhaps he'll do Dan and the family a kind turn; I ax your honor's pardon, but I'm going to take a liberty wid you.

Mons. V. Mais, madame Judy.

Judy. Had you iver a father and mother?

Mons. V. I don't know—cest a dire—I can't tell, but I believe my mother was a Frenchman, and my seven or nine fathers is French, Dutch, German—a great many more countries beside—eh bien, as soon as I can walk on my two legs, my mother walk away too, so I am left to get my life how I can; ainsî, je suis devener Peruquier, to dress the ladies hair, or a tailor, to sew out your petticoat, or a maitre de danse—voyez, ah! I know the three Miss Graces, aha! [Dances.] I do every thing to live and above all, I'm always gay, toujours gay.

Judy. The cratur's brogue bothers me intirely—but as far as I can detect you're English, you've come to this country on a visit to the Castle Squander, bad manners to the absent owner.

Mons. V. Eh, who—which and what did you say?

Judy. Och, honey, I've an Irishman's heart, ready to give while there's any thing to share—but warm at the injuries of the poor; the Carolans, where you was received, when you pitched your horse over the hills, are stripped, plundered, and in danger of losing their lives from false oaths—for the ould man lies in Tipperary jail, on a charge of robbery. Faith, but it's true enough, and I'm thinking, as ye danced and jigged and slept under their roof, it's little less that ye can do but put your head and your hands to work to pull 'em out of the mud.

Mons. V. Par ici—dis way.

[Whispers JUDY.]

Judy. [Astonished.] Little is it Judy ivir expected to hear the likes of this, and it's all this ye'll do if I hould my tongue and shut my mouth to ivery mother's son, man, woman or child. [Mons. VOYAGE nods.] Upon my conscience I'll do that thing, though shutting my mouth is like breaking my heart intirely. [Exit Mons. VOYAGE, R. H., with an action of inflection.] Och, niver sea a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse!

Music

Enter FLORENCE, running, L. H.

Flor. Ah, Judy, is it there ye are? [*JUDY nods.*] not speak! [*JUDY shakes her head.*] Oh, heaven, will you desert me too? that fiend in human shape pursues me. I'll seek my father's prison! [*Rushes out, R.*]

MUSIC.—*JUDY C.*—*STONE* observes *FLORENCE*, and hurries off *R. H.*, unperceived by *JUDY*.

Judy, Och, if— [*She suddenly stops her mouth*

MUSIC.—*Enter NEIL, L. H.*

Neil. Where is my father? This way leads to the county jail, or I'm mistaken. [*JUDY nods, and points. Exit NEIL, R.*]

Enter HONOR, L.—crossing to her.

Hon. What ails our friend—are ye speechless?

JUDY takes *HONOR's* hand, and shakes her head, to signify no, and points. *HONOR* exit, *R.*

Enter CONOR, L.

Con. Hath not Florence passed this way? [*JUDY nods.*] And that villain, Stone? [*JUDY points.*] Since my mother will remain thus obstinately mute, we'll rush and rescue our devoted friends. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Enter PAT, L. H.

Pat. Faith, Judy, but it's yourself. [*She nods.*] I'm thinking, Judy, when they write the next history of Ireland, they'll put down our names as ancient and modern heroes. [*She nods.*] Sure, Judy, ye're trying whether your body's safe on your head. What do ye mane wid your — [*Imitates her.*] There's ould Stone, and the O'Carolans, and a row; and wouldn't it be a shame to the likes of us, to see all the dacent people get black eyes and broken heads, and ourselves widout a scratch? They'll niver crack a crown ginteelly widout Paddy Whack and Judy. And so, if ye won't speak, will ye run, Judy? [*She nods.*] That's it; now then for the scrimmage. [*Exit JUDY, R. H.*]

SONG—*PAT.*—"Billy O'Rourke."

[PAT exit, R. H.]

SCENE V.—*Jail—half dark. Hole to break stones, to fall out. Air, "Galley Slave."* *DAN O'CAROLAN* on the straw.

Dan. What is it they'll be doing next wid me? Could I be assured of my children's safety, I'm thinking life would be hardly worth a struggle—but the honest name of O'Carolan has never yet been stained by infamy; and though, for bare example's sake, I've striven to subdue or hide the injuries that fired my soul, lest the warmth of temper, so proverbial among our peasantry, should burst into a flame, and bring the vengeance of the law upon us—yet here, unpitied and alone, I can't but feel how savagely the tyrants gripe me.

MUSIC.—*A part of the wall is broke, and a stone falls.*

Pat. [*Poking his head through.*] Och, Dan, Dan! they're coming to release you out of the straw. Think of that, and keep up your heart.

Dan. Bid them, from Dan O'Carolan, to desist. Can the weight of their chains lighten mine? For the love of ould Ireland, bid them begone in peace and safety to their homes. Let them show their love to me, by strict obedience to the law.

Pat. But the middleman has got possession of your daughter Florence.

Dan. No, no—say no—or I shall dash my brains out against the stone pavement, here.

Pat. Indeed, but it's too true, Daniel.

Dan. Nature can bear no more. My heart will burst its dwelling-place. Bid my friends to gain me liberty at every risk. [*FLORENCE screams without—a pause.*] My child insulted—what can I do—wretched, and a prisoner? [*Kneels.*] Hear a father, stricken by despair and anguish! Smite the coward villain to the centre, who has dared to raise his impure thoughts to injure innocence! Oh, palsy the atrocious hand that smites the poor, and mocks their miseries!

MUSIC.—*A crash, and the door, L. 3 E., is broken open. FLORENCE runs in, and falls at DAN's feet. STONE rushes in after, but is smitten down instantly by DAN, with the prison-stool. A great uproar without. NEIL, PAT, and CONOR rush in the door.*

Neil. Let's hasten from this cursed spot, and wreak a full revenge upon our ruthless enemies.

Dan. Mark me! Thou art spared thy worthless life, because thou'rt helpless, undefended, and alone.

Stone. The soldiers are without, and I'll give the signal. They're yet in my power.

STONE rises and whistles. Soldiers rush on—the peasants are unarmed—the soldiers present. At this moment PAT rushes in, and knocks up their guns. They fire into the air.

TABLEAU.—QUICK DROP.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall of Justice—Table covered—papers and writing-materials arranged—Magistrate seated in centre.—DAN, R. H., NEIL, R. C., HONOR, CONOR, R. C. up stage, PAT and Peasants prisoners—STONE and soldiery, L. H., Mons. VOYAGE seated, L. of table.*

Mag. (c.) We need only now repeat the evidence against these prisoner—Robbery and excitation to riot has been proved against you, aged man, whose years and former station in life ought have taught him better things,—papers and articles of value have been found upon the persons of his whole family, whom I am pressed to bind over, to take their trial in the adjoining town.

Dan. (R.) It's heard we may be surely before we are publicly imprisoned

and disgraced on the word of the middleman Stone, who has sworn to the deeds, which we are said to have committed.

Mag. Yes, sir, he has sworn to a series of outrages, which, when proved, must involve the whole of you in a most disgraceful death, or at the very least, transport ye from your native land for ever. [*The women make an action of horror and surprise.*] Aye, you may well feel the effects your constant violation of the law has brought upon you; and it's impossible to suppose Mr. Septimus Stone, the respectable representative of Lord Squander, could from any unworthy motive perjure himself here.

Stone. [*Pulling out his kerchief.*] I declare, with tears in my eyes—

Mag. [*To Stone.*] Yes—yes—no doubt, but this is not the time—well, sir! [*to Dan,*] what is it you wish to say to that respectable gentleman?

Dan. Not a word—to look at him and to behold the great Creator's image, so degraded, excites more horror than will the pressure of that rope around my neck, with which, before our cause is heard, I have been threatened; you, sir, use the term respectable and aim to lay a stress upon it—What is respectable? the quantity of gold a citizen possesses—no—for how many honest children of poor Erin's Isle, ne'er knew aught, but direst poverty in its most appalling form; besides, sir, it is most unjust to use such terms as may prejudice our cause before it is heard. You have been pleased to say it is impossible that Mr. Stone should utter perjury; that, sir, is at once to pass a condemnation upon us. Now, sir, it is clear that you know nothing of this case. I know who is perjured: Mr. Stone can tell where perjury lies, and the fountain of eternal justice in its omniscience can detect the well-dressed lie—not you—therefore, sir, be guarded in your speech, for justice is but awful, while she is impartial.

Prisoners. Shame—shame!

Dan. Who interrupts this court?—Neil O'Carolan, you were one; you—my only son—It is this wild impatience, that hath done more injury to Ireland, than all her secret or her open foes could ever hope to effect—we are in a court of justice—respect the place, respect the representative, since he sits forth the type of that last, great court, where judges will be tried for every judgment they have given—where the tongues of perjurers will cleave to their false mouths, and where the honest poor shall hear of poverty no more.

Mag. Your reproof, sir, was well given to your son; the insolent interruptions applied to the course of law, are everywhere complained of.

Dan. Ah, I know the faults of all our peasantry. I have devoted night and day in striving to subdue that heat of spirit, which ensnares them to their ruin. The generous delusion more than half my countrymen indulge in, have made them tools of a few speculators—what else but violence can make or keep them what they are? have they not genius, perseverance, honesty, proverbial kindness to the stranger, courage in the fight, and mercy to the fallen? no one denies it—no one dares deny it; but the impatient spirit that cannot, will not brook an hour's contradiction, ruins all. Arful men, whose interest it is to paint them as uncivilized barbarians, secretly excite them on to wrong, and often are the very first to swear away their lives for evils which the traitors have invented and induced the open-hearted peasant to enact; oh, sir, I know their faults, but I consider their temptations too.

Mag. Sir, the purse and money were found in your pocket. Mr. Stone has sworn to the purse, and the officers can bear witness of their search.

Dan. All this is true—the money I found, and Heaven forgive me if I'm wrong that man—but I sorely judge he placed it close beside me, at a trying hour—but no one being near, I placed it in my pocket, to return it safely to the owner.

Mag. You must make that appear. Besides, the castle has been robbed of sundry papers, which were found upon the person of your son and those arrested.

Neil. Placed there by treachery, which none of us can here explain.

Mag. Well, that, too, must be proved by stronger evidence than mere assertion. As for yonder ragged ruffian, he attempted to intimidate Mr. Stone by threats and fire-arms.

Pat. Here, your honor, I'm the ragged boy, but I'm the innocent boy. Mr. Stone is the biggest rogue of the two. Och, great luck to you, Dan—make a speech for the likes of me.

Dan. Truth is the best eloquence. Patrick, speak the truth, and stand to the consequence.

Pat. I'll speak the truth, Dan; ownly I don't want to be hanged for it. Ould Stone bound my arms behind me, so that I couldn't move, when Judy O'Trot gave me the pistol, and I frightened ould Stone into a fit.

Mag. Oh, you confess it. You're a pretty fellow, to be evidence against yourself.

Pat. Against myself! och, but that's a mistake, intirely—for I'm not wanting to be hanged, on account of four women—three out of 'em I promised to marry.

Mag. I do not see that I'm justified in losing my own time and that of the public, in adverting further to your enormities. You have violated the law, by forcibly bursting open the county prison-doors, to release a prisoner confined for highway robbery.

Pat. I axes your honor's pardon—I'll speak. It was I that broke a hole into the wall wid my natral head, to tell ould Dan the boys were at hand, to rescue Florence his daughter from the clutches of ould Nick—that's to say, from ould Stone—so don't go to blame other innocent boys for what Pat has done.

Neil. Our father was wrongfully imprisoned.

Hon. And we persecuted by the unrelenting agent of our absent landlord!

Con. Florence, his daughter, deceived, and then attacked, for the worst of purposes; while Dan, secured in prison, was unable to assist her.

Dan. Silence, lads—I see how our case will stand; but fear not! for Irishmen shall force that justice which quirkling knavery would here withhold. I—alone, old Daniel Carolan, by command and by entreaty, caused the sudden opening of my prison: but he that had imprisoned me had also stolen my child. There is no law at least for such an act as that—and if there were, no husband—father—friend, or man could yield obedience to it. Indeed, all laws that seek to check the sympathies of human nature will be defied and broken.

Mag. No more. Have you aught to say, Mr. Stone, ere I give orders for the committal of these prisoners

Stone. Only that I received this letter from the hands of yonder foreigner, whom I invited to this court. This will prove how fully I am trusted by my absent lord.

Dan. Ah, this is the fruitful source whence spring all the evils of the poor. Not content to wring the last effort of his ceaseless toil away, to spend on parasites in foreign lands—no appeal is left for his tax-eaten and over-labored tenantry. Thus the peasant has no protection for his daughters, against the infamy of middlemen, who, armed with letters of authority, can, in an insolent fit of spleen or vengeance, heap wrong on wrong, until the goaded tenant, stung to madness, violates the law. The agent writes a full description of the violence, but cunningly conceals the cause. Terror takes possession of the landlord, and he remains an absentee, impressed with the belief that he should find no security for life or property among his tenantry. The agent triumphs, and the peasant falls.

Mag. All this affords you no excuse for violence. Mr. Stone is no such man.

Dan. Yes, sir, he is even such a man. I attest it there.

Enter JUDY, L. H.

Judy. Och, and is it there you are? [*To STONE.*] Sure, and I've had my tongue tied up for the likes of ye long enough. Won't I give it a holiday, and no act of parliament shall stop my liberty of speech hereafter. You're a rogue, and here's one can prove it—[*leads in FLORENCE, R., who rushes to DAN, R. H.*] and here's another.

Enter SLANG, L. H.

Stone. Ah! my good friend, Mr. Slang. Then all is right.

Slang. I told you before, Mr. Stone, that I don't approve of no such familiarities. I came here to do some certain work, for a certain sum of money—but finding as how you was shy of tipping, I took a much larger sum to write down the truth—vizh, as I couldn't sign with my name, I set my mark to. There it is. Mr. Stone, I thinks as how you're in for it. Which is the way to Botany Bay, Mr. Stone? [*Exit.*]

Stone. I beg your worship to consider, that Slang is a fellow of no character—that he has been bribed to this atrocious act—and my lord—

Monsieur Voyage. [*Casting off cloak.*] Is here! I, sir, am ready to enter into securities for these oppressed but upright men. Disguised, I long have watched your footsteps, for I could never credit half the villany imputed to you. To that warm-hearted woman's resolution you owe my visit here. Her story has spread in London, and will shame many an absentee to see and act alone in his affairs. Much injured Irishmen, your oppressor shall be given to your power. I have already directed my law agent to take your different depositions against this man.

Dan. [*Raising his hand quietly, but majestically—which induces a solemn silence.*] We are satisfied with justice. Revenge inhabits not the breast of generous men. Let him owe his safety to the mercy of the very beings to whom no act of mercy ever was shown. As husbands, fathers, and as honest men, no words are strong enough to show our deep extent of scorn and sorrow at your conduct; but go, repent, amend! As Christians, we forgive you

[*Exit STONE, L. R., followed by soldiers.*]

Lord S. Few be my words. To Castle Squander I invite you all, until your various leases can be executed. Nor shall one Irish peasant on this wide estate, henceforth have cause to say, The evils that oppress us are caused by an Absentee.

DAN, delighted, unconsciously offers his hand to Lord SQUANDER—who warmly seizes it.

Dan. Take the warm but honest grasp of one whose heart loves all that will befriend his injured countrymen; and let ould Daniel hope the justice acted on the middleman—the reparation of the Absentee, together with the kindly disposition of the peasant, may induce—nay more—insure the favor and protection of the FRIENDS OF IRELAND.

MUSIC.—“*St. Patrick's Day.*”

SITUATION

DAN. LORD S.
0 0

FLOP.
0

PAT.
0

CON.
0

MAN
0

WOMAN
0

CHILD
0

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Painless Dentistry
Taking the Veil
Rely on My Discretion
Who Stole the Clock
Love and Honor
On the Clyde
Mary's Dream
Fame

Bitter Reckoning
Eileen Oge
Bathing
An Old Score
My Sister from India
Maria Martin
Among the Relics
Nabob for an Hour
An Old Man
Village Nightingale
Our Nelly
Partners for Life
Chopstick and Spikins
Chiseling
Birds in their Little Nests
Pretty Predicament
Seven Sins
Insured at Lloyd's
Hand and Glove
Keep Your Eye on Her
Jessamy's Courtship
False Alarm
Up in the World
Parted
One in Hand, &c.
Little Sunshine

Who'll Lend me a Wife
Extremes Meet
Golden Plough
Sweethearts
Velvet and Rags
Cut for Partner
Love's Alarms
An Appeal to the Feelings
Tale of a Comet
Under False Colors
Heroes
Philanthropy
Little Vixens
The Coming Woman
Telephone
Too Late to Save
Just My Luck
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